

HER SPLENDID SIN.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Unmasked at Last," "Her Grace at Bay," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRAP IS SET.

Who had always cherished a physical fear of the man whom he had been associated in various enterprises, took a full of himself after "The Tiger" asked abruptly: "What is my next part in these amateur theatricals of yours? To waylay and knock me on Thursday night and knock me out, so that we can have the run of the hulk on the following day?"

Reynell's chuckle betokened keen amusement. "You bloodthirsty old ruffian," he said. "That would be a rôle after your own heart, wouldn't it? But it would be crude, and entirely unnecessary. I propose to employ a Government official to do the knocking out for us, which will be infinitely safer. An anonymous letter to the revenue chap at Yarmouth, to the effect that Black Dick will be travelling the route mentioned, heavily laden with contraband tobacco, will do the trick properly. Then we can have a free hand on the hulk, with no one but Miss Judy and the disabled Wynter to deal with, and they won't amount to much."

"Next—very neat," was the Tiger's only comment.

As a matter of fact, Reynell's ministrations had been fairly efficient, and as Leonard lay in his bunk he was physically as comfortable as he could expect with a knee lacerated by a swan-shot as big as a small bullet. But the knowledge that he had brought his grandfather's hopes to naught by yielding to Reynell's infamous bargain for Lesbia's safety was almost more than he could bear. And, though not for one moment did he condemn the brave girl for her impulsive act, he was consumed with horror at her secret should have fallen into such hands.

On the day whereon Lesbia had saved the situation on the marsh, and he and she and their joint protector had walked homewards together, he had noticed the attraction his plucky champion had for the would-be nursemaid, and the books fastened on the sweet, patient face, eloquent of controlled passions. That such a man should have a hold over Lesbia, while he her plighted lover was helpless on that rotting ship, was only, he remembered, two and twenty years ago, when the things legal, to him justice was an all-devouring monster, delighting in technical terms and not discriminating between the different grades of the phrase "causing the death."

He was ignorant of that other technicality, "extending the hand," which would certainly have been applied to the case of a girl whose crime, if crime it was, was an unselfish one, committed on the spur of the moment in defence of a helpless man. The thought of mercy for the wretched nursemaid, and his distorted imagination teemed with visions of that fair young face confronting a crowded court and listening to the words of doom.

Black Dick, full of remorse and shame for the part he had been hoodwinked into playing, quitted the hulk in his punt without going near the patient. All his wrath was now turned against the scoundrel who would have made a murderous tool of him, and his anger seethed with greater fury because it was impotent. He had been within an ace of incurring a capital offence, and he knew too well that if he ventured on reprisals the smooth-spoken miscreant who had outwitted him would put all the blame on him. If Leonard Wynter's "accident" was to be anything but an accident he would be cunningly made responsible for it.

Judy watched her father's punt creep seaward along the shallows, and with a sigh that was not wholly one of relief turned into the endy. Many of the twists in the curious coil in which her monotonous existence had become involved were in the light of her father's attitude, and she knew too well that if he ventured on reprisals the smooth-spoken miscreant who had outwitted him would put all the blame on him. If Leonard Wynter's "accident" was to be anything but an accident he would be cunningly made responsible for it.

Better throw him into a fever than have our throats cut, or more likely to be shot in our sleep," he muttered, for the first time in her solitary life on the hulk feeling a sense of loneliness at her father's absence. It was only now that he was gone that the possible need of her to her, and she found herself wishing that before he left she had asked him whether he expected to be back by nightfall.

"Well, how are you getting on?" she said as she passed into the cabin where Leonard was lying, eating his heart out with misery.

"The pain is easier, and I hope I shall be able to move about in a day or two," was the answer, which was hardly borne out by appearances.

Judy went close to the bunk and stood surveying him critically. "If you ain't really better to-morrow I shall send father or Mr. Voordam to Lowestoft for the doctor," she said judiciously. "I don't know what foolishness has set your mind against it, but it isn't fair to us not to have proper advice. Supposing your leg was to mortify and you were to die."

view expressed a wish to be informed of the business that was taking them there.

"To a Johnny of your undoubted acumen it will be sufficiently obvious when the fun begins," laughed Reynell. "But lest you should be staggered by the shock of finding yourself on the side of law and order, I may tell you that you are about to be introduced to the landlord of the *Running Stag* as a superior sort of 'ec'—a supervisor of revenue, to be precise—from the great metropolis."

It was nearly ten o'clock, which in those latitudes was closing time, when they entered the inn, and, as it happened, the last of the beer-will-

ing yokels had departed. Mr. Sturman was alone in the foul-smelling tap-room, engaged in collecting empty mugs from the trestle-tables. The landlord, who had been waiting in an unctuous smile on recognising "the gent staying at the Grange" with a friend in whom he hoped to welcome an equally good customer. He was about the most surprised man in Suffolk when he heard the tone in which Reynell addressed him—still more so when he grasped the meaning of the words.

"See here, Sturman," Reynell began sternly. "This is a gentleman of the Excise Department, from Somerset House in London, and he has come down to put an end to the smuggling of tobacco that goes on in these parts. I know all about you and Black Dick, so you had better own up at once."

The landlord's weak jaw dropped, but he managed to growl: "So you're a d—d spy, Mister. I ought to have seen it."

"Never mind what I am, except that I have it in my power to make it uncommonly hot for you," said Reynell. "On the other hand I can let you down lightly if you make over to me the treasure lies, so that we can get on with our business."

"You don't want me to turn informer? It would ruin my trade," he said, and he looked at Reynell with a desperate expression.

"I don't want anything of the kind," Reynell rejoined. "Your name need never appear in the matter at all, and we have all the information we require. But the authorities

have decided to stamp out these illicit practices, and that will be done by damming them at the four-tain head. To put it plainly, if we can lay Black Dick by the heels we shall stop the source of supply of this Dutch tobacco that is in so great request about here. By the way, we want to catch Black Dick red-handed, and that big Hollander, too, if it can be managed. That's where you come in. Now which is it to be—help us, or go to prison instead of to bed?"

The ferret-faced landlord struck his colours at the first shot. He was willing to do anything the gentlemen wished, he whined, so long as he was allowed to remain in the background. Having gained his point, as he had been sure he would, Reynell lost no time in arranging details.

"When are you next expecting Black Dick to come to the inn for the purpose of replenishing your stock?" he asked.

"On Thursday evening," was the reply, and Sturman added that in all probability Holt would be accompanied by the Dutch sailor. At any rate Voordam had come on the last few occasions.

"Which way do they generally come?"

"Dick always works Kilmingham first and comes on here by way of Gunbury and Merrylands. You'd be sure to cop him somewhere on the road between this and Kilmingham—the further from my place the better, if I quit me."

"And the time?"

"I can't be certain to a minute, but he said he'd be here about nine."

"That is all then," said Reynell,

we should get into no end of trouble. Especially," she added, "as you weren't shot by accident."

She did not, however, relax her vigilance, and presently it met with its reward. The sun was high in the heavens now, and suddenly an elongated shadow appeared on the path between the dunes, betokening that some one was about to round the corner. Judy, her lips set firm, stepped forward to the bulwarks, and then burst into a suppressed giggle as the true figure of a girl of about her own age came into sight.

"I'm as nervous as a cat," she said aloud to herself. "I'll wager that will be his young lady, called with kind inquiries."

Running down into the waist of the ship, she hurried to the gangway and descended the ladder to the shore, thus contriving to meet Lesbia fifty yards from the hulk. As they drew near the two girls eyed each other with a scrutiny that was at first coldly appraising, but which quickly thawed into mutual approval. Lesbia, indeed, knew that this robust maiden with a certain named Lesbia stare could harbour evil designs against any one, while Judy there and then succumbed to Lesbia's winsome beauty, and secretly swore herself to an allegiance which not even the cunning cunning of James Reynell should succeed in breaking.

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"I am sure it couldn't be your father's fault," Lesbia interrupted her, recognising that here was a friend, not just one word—a friend of a person named Reynell. I have very particular reasons for wanting to know."

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"Yes, yes! let us walk up and down by all means," assented Lesbia eagerly. "And I beg of you to keep nothing secret from me. First of all, why should Mr. Reynell return to the ordinary work he has gained his object in securing the paper?"

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"There's no doubt that father pointed the gun at the path, Miss, but you see how it was—that fox had made him believe that Mr. Wynter was behaving badly to me," Judy pleaded in extenuation.

"But even with that incitement to revenge your father was too merciful to shoot," said Lesbia. "He was, in a way, as much a victim as Leonard—as Mr. Wynter. I don't think he has anything to fear—certainly not from me."

"Then I'm your friend right through," Judy asserted staunchly. "Now you can understand why father agreed when Mr. Wynter wouldn't. The doctor sent for, but the queer part to me is why Mr. Wynter himself should be so keen on hushing the matter up. It doesn't seem natural that he should want to shield a brute that very nearly killed him."

Lesbia stopped and gazed at the speaker, a slow horror dawning in her patient eyes. "Then it was Mr. Wynter who desired to keep it all quiet?" she asked. "Does he know that Reynell has robbed him of the paper he was at such pains to recover?"

"That's just it, Miss," rejoined Judy hotly. "Father and I would have taken our chances, I think, in owning up everything if it hadn't been for Mr. Wynter himself. He couldn't go down on his bended knee, poor chap, because it's torn all to pieces, but he tried to do so, and begged and prayed of me not to make a fuss, as he called it. The same thing struck me as you—that he didn't know that Reynell had stolen the envelope with the red seal—but I made him tell me. He knew it right enough, Miss, and I'm a girl myself, and I've got a young man myself, so you mustn't mind me talking."

Lesbia swayed a little on the beaten sand track, but said herself from falling by clutching Judy's muscular arm. "Yes, God knows and plenty of others will know directly," she faltered. "I have ruined my darling's hopes in trying to help him and his, and there's a curse on such help as I gave. I can put it right, though, by going to Lowestoft, and confessing that I killed my cousin, Inman Daubeny. Then there'll be no sin of mine for that man to trade on, and Leonard can claim his own."

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FICKLE CUPID.

LOVE LETTERS IN COURT.

FROM HOT TO COLD.

In the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Sutton and a common jury, Miss Julia Prickett (suing as "Grace") sought to recover damages for breach of promise from Mr. Harold Jno. Lanyon, described by counsel as "a civil assistant in the Admiralty Survey Department attached to the Plymouth and Portsmouth District." The lady is the only child of Mr. Arthur Thomas Prickett, who recently retired from the position of Chief Constable of Portsmouth. The defence put in was to the effect that there was a mutual agreement that the promise should be rescinded on the terms that defendant should compensate plaintiff for money spent to the amount of £20.

Mr. Waddy appeared for the plaintiff, Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., and Mr. Emanuel being for the defendant. Mr. Waddy explained that the parties had been acquainted for a considerable period, the lady being 17 years of age and the gentleman 28. They became engaged in the autumn of 1901, the young man giving his fiancée a diamond ring. Numerous letters passed between them. On Dec. 23, 1901, defendant wrote:

"My darling Grace—Will you please accept this little token of my affection and esteem, and all good wishes for Christmas and the coming year. I hope sincerely it will be a bright and joyous one to you, and that Almighty God may also to you his richest blessing. That our efforts to make another happy and prosperous year together shall be crowned with success. I am, my dear Grace, ever your affectionate and devoted Harold."

In a later letter, one dated Feb. 9, the defendant continued: "My dearest Grace," and ended with much love, your affectionate Harold." On Feb. 23 Mr. Lanyon called for Miss Prickett, and they went out for a walk. The young man was apparently a little quiet, but he had a headache. Defendant turned to the house for tea, and remained until eight o'clock in the evening, leaving without saying a word about his having any sort of intention to break off the engagement, and the plaintiff at parting in the ordinary way, as on the 20th, had never seen the following letter from him:

"Dear Grace—For some time past I have had grave doubts as to the wisdom of our engagement, and after careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that it is not the best thing for either of us."

"Unmanly and Despicable."—Counsel said that defendant wrote plaintiff again on March 8, emphasising his unreasonableness, and enclosing a cutting in regard to another couple's broken engagement, and an extraordinary postscript: "Old Mr. Fryer, of Queen-st., died yesterday afternoon—H. J. L." Miss Prickett replied on March 11:

"The part you are playing is unmanly and despicable. To endeavour to place a stain on my reputation, and to make a mockery of my character, is a most unchristian and unbecoming action."

Defendant wrote back that he was prepared to take and pay for the house linen which plaintiff had got together, and on March 15 the matter was placed in the hands of a solicitor. Miss Prickett, in giving evidence, said she had known defendant for about 15 years. When they became engaged he told her that he earned £25 a day, and later on said the figure had been increased to £35. As far as she could judge, the engagement was a happy one, and defendant was rather cool. She, however, never contemplated any rupture.

No Great Friction.—He speaks about being sensitive. Have you observed that he is a very sensitive creature? No, but he often told me that he was. He also says that you possess a great amount of that trait in your character. Have you appreciated that you are any more sensitive than any other lady in your position? No.—Witness declared that there had not been a great amount of friction between her and defendant, either through sensitiveness or anything else. Mr. Young cross-examined called plaintiff's attention to the newspaper cutting which defendant had enclosed in one of his letters. It said—

It was better to be a little unhappy for a short while than to be bound together and be unhappy for a long time. At least that was the conclusion the lady and I came to, and we parted the best of friends.

Asked whether she agreed with this sentiment, witness replied: No, I do not.—You think, then, that even if you could not be happy when married, you would not get married all the same? But I did not think I should be unhappy.—The point is, if you thought you would be unhappy when you got married, would you like to get married all the same? No.

Settled on Terms.—Plaintiff's father said that defendant accompanied him to Bath in December of 1906, just before the rupture, and was with her on the boat returning after luncheon. Mr. Young remarked that he was glad to say that the parties had come to terms. He was willing to consent to judgment for £250, the ring, which was the cause of all this trouble, to be returned to defendant. He should only like to say that his client had no desire to behave cruelly towards this young lady or make any sort of attack upon her, but he had come to the conclusion that their married life would not be happy, and that under those circumstances the best thing he could do would be to retire.—Mr. Waddy remarked that there was no desire on the part of the young lady to insist upon excessive damages.—His lordship was glad that an agreement had been come to. He considered the case one for settlement.—Judgment was accordingly entered for plaintiff for £250, and costs.

LEADING BRITISH AUTHORS.—"The People's Year Book" for 1908 gives a list of leading English writers, together with the names of some of their representative works. See page 12.

FITS CAN BE CURED AT HOME.

I guarantee my treatment to contain no Bromide of Potassium or poison. Absolute proofs, etc., from Mr. Gilbert Dale, 7, Parliament Chambers, Gr. Smith Street, Westminster, London, S.W.—[Advt.]

THE DOCTOR GAVE HER UP!

CHAS. FORDE'S Bile Beans Cured Her.

A Terrible Experience with Indigestion.

Another example of the wonderful power of the genuine CHAS. FORDE'S Bile Beans comes from Castleford, the Yorkshire mining town.

Mrs. Coldrick, of Garth Street, Castleford, was practically snatched from the grave and restored to sound health by this wonderful medicine. To a reporter Mrs. Coldrick said: "For years I had suffered from indigestion. One night about ten years ago I was taken ill suddenly. My head began to throb and I became so dizzy that I had to go to bed. For ten months I stayed there, and gradually sank to such a low state that nobody, not even my doctor, expected me to get up again. I suffered terribly from pain in the chest, and my head ached so badly I couldn't even sit up in bed. My stomach was in a terrible state. I couldn't eat without having fearful pain for a long time afterwards."

I was often very bilious, and at such times the pain across my chest prevented me from seeing anything. My children had to sit up all night with me, and my condition was so critical that my sisters were sent for. I was too weak to raise my hand from the bedclothes. I had to be propped up in bed. The doctor said my case was hopeless. I should never get well again."

"As a last hope I was persuaded to try Chas. Forde's Bile Beans. I got a box of Chas. For

HOW TO GET THIN.

By CHRIS.

There has been an increase in our family. No, you're wrong. It has nothing to do with the latest birth returns. The multiplicity has to do with myself. What is the use of concealing the truth—the regrettable fact must come out. I've grown stout.

This most unpleasant state of affairs in a purely personal one has been brought home to me in a painful manner. Casual acquaintances—don't call them friends—have on coming up against me given a round-shouldered look of surprise, and after glancing me in the cause of complaint with a reproachfully long index finger, have ejaculated, "My word! you are putting it on!" Then they have continued in a chastened, admulatory sort of voice, "It's serious! you'll have to do something to take it down."

I've been more inclined to "take them down" myself. The first man who gave me advice told me, while he voraciously consumed three small Guinnesses, the same number of

No. 48, a most convivial figure of "The Huddle Social Club," and who took to unbragging at a frozen paving stone and a new up with a vicious attempt to take the skin off me. I came with a re-bounding smack on my back. Dick staggered along in my direction and tried to help me up. He failed, and fell on the top of me. He lay there some time, and the only words he breathed with a liquid-laden breath in my ear were, "W—at club have you been to?"

It was the early morning constable who disengaged us. He took no notice of Dick, but he fixed a reproachful eye on me. "And you, Mr. Chris, I really didn't think it of you!" I snorted with indignation. "You've made a mistake," I said. "I'm simply going out for a walk for the good of my health." Good humour then seemed to get the better of his official severity, and he wagged his metropolitan head in an excess of mirth as he chuckled forth, "Ah! I know, she won't let you in."

I wandered on. It seemed awfully dull as I breezed Brixton Hill. I met only one man on the apex of that celebrated height of South London. He was walking in the opposite direction. He was a bit stout, and I thought at first he was a fellow victim of the pedestrian reducer cure. He seemed struck when he saw me, and for a moment he paused as though the sight of a man of some 15 stone breasting one of the natural defences of London Town at two miles an hour was too much for him. Then he deliberated as to whether he should follow his original course or me.

He followed me. I wish he hadn't. His stertorous breathing sounded like the puffs of a distressed shunting engine at Nine Elms Goods Yard, while my snorts (I was now putting in quite three miles an hour) resembled the expiring breaths of a traction engine which had ignominiously failed to draw a load of some 44 tons. I could feel he was gaining on me, and somehow, I don't know why, I grew anxious. It was at this particular moment that some man dashed out of a side turning and suddenly put a parcel in my arms, and then bolted out of sight.

At first I thought he was an express delivery man, some parcel company till my stout pursuer fell on me. "Copped!" said my fat rival, putting a hand on my collar. "Dead copped, and in the red." "Who the blazes are you talking to?" I retorted, smacking the parcel on the pavement. "You," said the stout man. "Show me your ticket."

The next man I bumped up against stopped suddenly and stared horribly at my apparently still growing bay window of flesh. "Don't tell me it's real, Chris," said he, with something like a four-ounce sob in his throat, falling on my neck and giving me a theatrical embrace, to the great delight of a couple of road sweepers, a dirty-faced itinerant vendor of bootlaces, and a postman. "Tell me the truth, tell me it's a joke. Say for the love of Heaven that it's artificial." I pushed him off and told him not to make an ass of himself. He grew serious when I told him it was all my own, and immediately suggested that I should cultivate a waist somehow, if even I had to wear a pair of iron corsets and solder myself in them, but failing that to try a leather belt to "keep it all together like."

It was my doctor who first gave me anything like practical advice. He's a very clever man, is my doctor, and very happy, with one exception—that is, he, being a "Scottie" believes in the brazen wintry climate of Canada, whilst his own, being a "Caledonian" of Devon, naturally leans towards the more balmy climate of the Canaries. I often wonder how they will compromise on this matter. This is, however, merely an interpolation in the tragedy. To come to the point, after the lover of our "Dear Lady of the North" had gone over my as-erative corpulence, and probed me (following the other authorities on the "fleshy" question) with a massive Caledonian index-finger, he declared that a five mile walk before breakfast was likely to "meet my case."

I wasn't too eager to "meet it with a five mile walk," and suggested to make sure of it that I should take a cab at the end of Acacia-road, which is just situated on the edge of the four-mile radius and walk back. The Caledonian Mr. Grew, like the Caledonian of his birth, "stern and wild," "Nae, my laddie, ye'll have to walk there and back, an' I'll guarantee as

a fact that ye'll lose two pounds a day and at the same time eat a record breakfast when ye come back to yer hoose."

I told him that the Chieftainess (who seemed to take a strange and almost uneasy delight in bucking him) always fixed breakfast for 8.30. "Oh! a most sensible woman. It's not an ungody time for the opening meal of the day. Ye'll start at six in the morning, that'll give ye plenty of time."

"How long do I keep this unholy game up?" I inquired. "Six months," said the M.D. "What!" I ejaculated. He simply waved a surgical-looking hand and vanished.

I started the cure the next morning. It was fearfully cold. There had been a gentle thaw through some dear old native weather had altered the mind and "frie" ard. I had barely had time to recognise the swaying figure of Dick Richards, of

interesting evidence on the registration of premises where explosives are kept and other matters was given before Dr. Waldo, the City coroner, and the jury who are sitting at Goldendene inquiring into the circumstances attending the death of John Edward Coker, who was employed as a warehouseman at the Dyke and Co., gunmakers and cartridge filers, St. George's-avenue, Alderbury, and met his death in an explosion which occurred there on New Year's Day.

Mr. Hy. Edw. Winn, Inspector of Explosives to the Corporation of London, explained that his duties consisted of making periodic inspections to registered premises to see that the explosive regulations were properly carried out. In addition to 500lb. of gunpowder, Messrs. Dyke were allowed to store on their premises 500lb. of explosives in the shape of safety cartridges. The premises of Messrs. Dyke were registered for mixed explosives, and the filling of cartridges was allowed to be carried on in one room. In the City of London there were 91 premises where explosives were registered, but only one other building in the City besides Messrs. Dyke's registered for the filling of cartridges. The number of registrations had been mentioned in 24 premises for the sale of fireworks alone. He made about a dozen inspections a year of Messrs. Dyke's premises, and he had never found the quantity of explosives which they were registered to keep exceeded.

A Trustworthy Lad.—Mr. Frank Wm. Dyke, wholesale gun and ammunition dealer, 5, St. George's-avenue, said he had occupied these premises for 11 years. His goods were insured for £1,250 in the Scottish Union office. It was the duty of the deceased, Coker, to fill the cartridges. He was an absolutely trustworthy lad. "I'm smoking allowed," said Mr. Dyke, "I have never seen my assistants smoke in the premises, and I have never smoked myself. Witness said he had never had an explosion before. In 1898 he was prosecuted by the London and North-Western Railway Co. for consigning by train to Birmingham a parcel of cartridges. The parcel which was being sent was crushed at Euston, and exploded. Nobody was killed, but he believed someone was injured. The summons against him (Mr. Dyke) was withdrawn. He had no idea of the number of cartridges on the train to-day, and he could suggest nothing as to the cause of the explosion. Mr. Evan Williams, superintendent of the Fire Brigade, gave it as his experience that in scores of premises where smoking was forbidden the employees did smoke. In reply to Mr. Dyke, he said that he had no idea that Messrs. Dyke's was a store of explosives. He had been there a long number of years, but he had known that gunpowder was there. He would not have stayed. Mr. Ed. Wilson, of 7, St. George's-avenue, was in his premises on Jan. 1. He jumped up when the explosion occurred, and was knocked down. His thought was, "That's Mr. Dyke's place going off." (Laughter.) He had no idea that gunpowder was kept there.

To Remove the Debris.—A fireman named Ed. Miles Hillsdon told how he found deceased, Coker, in the basement. The body was in the centre of the room, face downwards, with several heavy cases and debris covering it. There was no explosion while witness was there. He and his helpers were knee-deep in water. He did not examine the safe, but he saw that the door was open. It was open about two inches. He saw a fireman named Crawford. In his experience as a fireman would you say that an explosion would force the door open if it was previously bolted? I should say not. Sergeant Thos. Berryman said that upon the deceased man's shoulder was found a police whistle. His opinion was that Coker was attempting to blow it when he was struck dead. Mr. Grain said Mr. Dyke was prepared to meet any representative of the Home Office and begin to work at once to have the debris removed. The further hearing was adjourned until Thursday, the 23rd inst.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.—A PAINFUL INQUEST STORY AT LAMBETH.—Mr. John Troutbeck held an inquest at Lambeth on the body of John Thatcher, 65, a waste-paper dealer, who was found lying dead on the floor of a back room at Horley-dead-end, said they had, as the result of deceased's work, about 4s. or 5s. a week, and out of that they paid 2s. a week rent. Coroner: What had you to live on? Very little. Mostly tea and bread and butter. We hardly ever saw a bit of meat. Had you any fire in this bitter cold weather? Only one day we had a little bit of fire—not much. Witness said she thought her brother died of cold.

and want of sufficient food. Coroner: Why didn't you apply for relief? I don't know. Had you any objection? None. P.C. Ed. Moss said the room showed no signs of poverty. There was no food and only a little fire in the grate. Dr. Nicol Henry, divisional surgeon, said the body was poorly nourished. Death was due to pneumonia, accelerated by want of food and warmth. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

Don't Experiment with a Cigar. It's dangerous. You may suppose upon the best Cough Remedy, KENTON'S LOZENGES. Get a box at once from the chemist or druggist. It's the only one giving relief and curing the cough. The most famous one takes time. Sold in 15/6d. tins. (Adv.)

THE PEOPLE'S YEAR BOOK. The most complete cyclopaedia ever issued. See page 12.

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CITY EXPLOSION.

THE STORING OF POWDER.

UNFATHOMED MYSTERY.

BOYS' SUFFERINGS.

TERRIBLE STORY OF CHILD NEGLECT.

PARENTS SENTENCED.

A MAJOR'S WIVES.

WOMAN'S AMAZING CREDULITY.

A CHARGE OF BIGAMY.

DEATH IN THE CAR.

A MAN KILLED AT MIDNIGHT.

MOTORIST DRIVES ON.

AN ARREST AND CHARGE OF MANSLAUGHTER.

RHEUMATISM IMPOSSIBLE.

Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

The Winner of the Greatest Limerick.

A Glasgow Man's Good Fortune.

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W. LOTINGA).

"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

PARAGRAPHS FROM ALL PARTS.

In London 2,516 births and 1,706 deaths were registered last week. The births were 102 below and the deaths 32 above the average numbers in the corresponding week of the previous five years.

The annual death-rate from all causes, which had been 16.3, 14.5, and 16.6 per 1,000 in the preceding three weeks, rose last week to 18.5.

The 1,706 deaths included 29 measles, 11 from scarlet fever, 29 from diphtheria, 17 from whooping-cough, 5 from enteric fever, and 18 from diarrhoea.

Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths, of which 10 were cases of suicide and 3 of homicide, while the remaining 48 deaths were attributed to accident or negligence.

In Greater London 3,897 births and 2,437 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, these numbers are 140 below and 77 above the respective averages in the corresponding weeks of the previous five years.

The deaths registered last week in London and in 75 other great towns of England and Wales corresponded to an annual rate of 19.3 per 1,000 of their aggregate population, which is estimated at 16,244,352 persons in the middle of this year. In the preceding three weeks the rates had been 16.8, 14.7, and 16.9.

In Washington some 20,000 persons are suffering from influenza. The L. and N.W. Ry. Co. announces a cheap half-day excursion on Saturday, Jan. 25, to Birmingham, Wolverhampton, etc. The third class return fare is 5s.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE.
On reaching Portland from Texas the Royal Fleet auxiliary oil vessel Petroleum reported that in the North Atlantic heavy seas extinguished the stockhold fire, and that the ship lay for hours in a helpless condition, the crew of 38 expecting death.

A FALSE ALARM.
The sound at night of heavy gun firing at Shoeburyness was mistaken by the Sunk Lightship for signals of distress from a vessel, and rockets were sent up, with the result that four lifeboats, including those at Claiton and Southend, were launched.

A BIRD SANCTUARY.
In the bird sanctuary of 19 acres, in the Perryvale district, belonging to the Brent Valley branch of the Sedburgh Society, there is a robin that settles on the hands of members of the society, and follows them about. The bird allows no other robins to live in the neighbourhood.

Six torpedo boats, for the Brazilian Government, are about to be laid down by Messrs. Yarrow at Scottham, Glasgow.

Two brothers of the birds were mortally wounded in a quarrel at their sister's wedding breakfast at Nisbove, near Glasgow.

At a meeting held in Newcastle it was decided to hold a triennial musical festival there on the lines of those of Birmingham and Leeds.

Mr. Edw. Clippes, who, as superintendent registrar of marriages, married Miss Stewart Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea, has just died at Steving, aged 29.

As an experiment the City Corporation are about to appoint 20 market constables, pensioned policemen, for service in the London Central Markets, Smithfield.

When a youth left for shopping at Huddersfield he was told that on finding no money he turned every gas jet on and attempted to set the shop on fire.

An agreement has been signed between the Natal Government and Messrs. Kinloch (Ld.) under which the latter undertake to erect a large factory for the manufacture of explosives in the vicinity of Durban.

The Incorporated Stage Society will, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, on Jan. 26 and at a matinee on the 27th, produce "Cupid and Commencement," a play, in four acts, by Arnold Bennett.

SLATES CONDEMNED.
Addressing a meeting of teachers at the College of Preceptors Dr. Biss said, "headache in children was the commonest cause of nervous breakdown. Slates were an abomination, and lined paper was a bad lot for the eyes."

CRUSHED TO DEATH.
A verdict of accidental death was returned at Lancaster, a Wm. Hill Kilson, engineer, at the Corporation baths and washhouse. He was put to rest in a coffin on a revolving shafting and was crushed and crushed.

SOLICITOR'S SUDDEN DEATH.
An inquest was held at Carlisle on Mr. J. A. Broughton, of Carlisle, a well-known North of England solicitor, who was found dead on Carlisle Old Racecourse. Medical evidence showed that death was due to a convulsive fit, and a verdict of natural causes was returned. Mr. Broughton, who was 46, was a native of Manchester, near Bradford.

The death is announced at Paris of M. Groult, a well-known art collector. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to visit Egypt at the beginning of February.

A live turtle, caught off the Natal coast, now on view in the fish market at Cape Town, weighs over 400 lb. and is nearly 6 ft. long.

A blue specimen of a lion's skin has been presented to the Earl of Selborne by Mr. Mohlabi, an important Kaffir chief, who travelled to Pretoria to make the presentation.

An agreement whereby the G.W.R. Co. will acquire the railway only of the Port Dock and Railway Co. of Swansea is likely to be completed within a fortnight.

Shipping on some lines while going about the special service, vessel heavily, being at Chatham Dockyard, Arthur Pearson, a stoker, fell into the dock and was drowned.

The Great Yarmouth Town Council runs the annual races at that town, and the accounts for last year show that it realised a profit from them of £1,819 9s. 3d.

Seaman H. V. Mitchell, of the cruiser Argonaut, was sentenced to six months' hard labour at a Portsmouth court martial for striking Master-at-Arms Gibson in the face.

Keith Town Council has received a letter from the Countess Dowager of Seaford, offering to present to the town as a public park the field in which monthly cattle markets used to be held.

Among the applicants for the post of porter at the Mere Workhouse, Wiltshire, was one of the paupers, who "fell every candle in the garden" readiness to relieve the trustees.

Mr. Roger R. Effe, the Local Government auditor, has concluded his audit of the West Hants accounts. On the total accounts, £2,000 odd was deducted, and has come back to the guardians.

A SACRED TURTLE.
A large turtle, captured in San Francisco harbour, had attached to its plastron a tablet with a Chinese inscription, proving it to be a sacred turtle belonging to Peking, 6,000 miles from its place of capture.

A TRAGIC DEMONSTRATION.
Showing a comrade how easy it was to commit suicide, a boy of 15 at Mullick, near St. Giles, Scotland, put a revolver, which he thought was unloaded, into his mouth and fired, to fall dead from a bullet which had been left in the magazine.

RECORD OF A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD.
Benjamin Axelrod, aged 12, has already made seven voyages across the Atlantic as a stowaway, and, as he has been found out every time, seven voyages back again. At present he is in the detention room on Ellis Island, New York, where he arrived a few days ago on the steamship Arizona.

From Manvel, 50 miles from Los Angeles, California, the discovery of a new goldfield is reported.

The Rev. R. W. Porter, vicar of Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury, has been appointed vicar of East Ham.

Four cottage houses were wrecked by a gas explosion at Bradford, and one of the inmates was seriously injured.

The death has taken place at New Southgate of the Rev. R. H. Noble, a Congregational minister, well-known in North London.

Chas. Traversa, the famous hunter of the Col-wold Hounds, intends retiring at the close of the present season, after 36 years' service with the pack.

The entire standing army of the Tonga Islands has just been disbanded. It should perhaps be mentioned that the army consisted of six officers and 30 men.

A beautiful brass of the Emperor Hadrian has been found in a field at New Barn, near Winchester. The piece is a representation of a 12-ovoid galley.

The Isle of Orkney has been cut from telegraph communication with Scotland for over three weeks. The cable was severed during a recent gale, and the work of repairing this has not yet been completed.

The ship's carpenters and joiners employed in the Clyde shipbuilding yards have by an overwhelming vote decided to resist the intimated reduction of 5 per cent. in wages, even to the extent of a strike, if necessary.

As a mark of his appreciation of the manner in which the rest of his yacht, the Mahroussa, was carried out the Kh dive has presented to Mr. J. P. Porter, R.N., president of the cruiser Diana, a gold scripion bearing his monogram.

NEW IRISH SAINT.
Hanged, drawn, and quartered at Teluk for "treason" in 1851 Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, has been made a saint, the process having been advanced to the penultimate stage by the report of Cardinal Legue, just received at the Vatican.

MONSTER RAT.
While removing the debris from the corn stores recently destroyed by fire at Yeovil the body of a huge rat was discovered, the rodent having been suffocated among the corn sacks. It measured 19 in. in length from the nose to the tip of the tail, and the body was almost as large as that of a full-grown rabbit.

SCOTCH MONUMENTS.
The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of a Royal Commission, with Sir H. Maxwell as chairman, to make an inventory of the ancient and historical monuments and constructions illustrative of the culture, civilisation, and records of life of the people in Scotland from the earliest times to the year 1707, and to specify those which seem worthy of preservation.

Mrs. Thos. Black died at Kilmarlock this week in her 105th year.

From a deep artesian well at Villamartin, in the South of Spain, a great stream of petroleum is flowing.

It is estimated that 25,000,000 packets of pins were manufactured in the United States during last year.

Death from a gunshot wound was the verdict at Cork on Thos. Byrne, who was accidentally shot by a friend.

A thrush's nest with two eggs in it has been discovered in the garden of St. Michael's Vicarage, Louth, Lincs.

Mary Adams, the lunatic who escaped from Bridgend Asylum by exchanging her garments for those of a nurse, was subsequently found at Llanelli.

A tramp named Edw. Davies, who was sentenced at Wrexham to four months' hard labour, had broken into some stables, and cut off the tails of several horses.

The Vatican has selected Mgr. Ward as Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton, with the understanding that if his health makes his refusal valid Canon Keating will be chosen.

At Aberstone, Alf. Palfreyman, a miner, was fined £5 for assaulting Mr. C. T. Lutwyche, referee in the Shaw Charity Shield match between Aberstone and Bourneville. Another man was fined £3 for a similar offence.

"Then people are not dying?" said Judge Willis, at Southwark, on hearing that an undertaker's coachman had complained that trade was bad. "No, sir, it's too healthy," replied the witness.

A Renter message from Cairo says the statement made by a London journal that the British garrison in Egypt will be reduced during the Government year 1908-9 from 3,500 to about 4,000 men is declared there to be without foundation.

PAUPER'S GLASS EYE.
Much difference of opinion existed at a meeting of the Strand Guardians concerning whether a pauper should be supplied with a glass eye. It was argued that the ratepayers should not pay for appearances.

SHUFFLED OUT.
Members of the East Ham Council were suddenly seized this week with violent fits of sneezing. The mayor declared it was a despicable act to sprinkle snuff in the council chamber. A similar incident occurred at a recent meeting of the education committee.

THE OLDEST AND YOUNGEST.
A pathetic funeral took place at Bere Alston, a small town near Tavistock, when the oldest and youngest inhabitants were buried together. The youngest was a baby of nine months, and the oldest, Mr. Samuel Hull, aged 90. For over 60 years the latter was the only communication which the town had with the Three Towns.

There were 31 deaths from influenza in Chicago last week, and about 60,000 persons have been treated.

The death is announced, at the age of 90, of Dr. Henry Dixon, who had been coroner for South Oxfordshire since 1861.

A passenger, Jno. Temple, of Driffield, collapsed and died from heart failure at Paragon Station, Hull, after stepping out of a train.

Rear-Admiral Marus Lowther, who had for many years past lived at St. Leonard's, died there suddenly this week.

Mr. Reginald Holder, of Derby, well known as a founder of the Men's Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement, has just died.

Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain has made a gift of money clothes to a poor woman who has given birth to triplets.

Dover's pageant, which is to be held from July 27 to Aug. 1, will be attended by the Lord Mayor of London in state.

"Rubber," said Sir H. A. Blake in an address at the Royal Colonial Institute, "is fair to become the second export of Ceylon, if not the leading one."

In the trial at Dublin of Joe. Larkin, organiser of the Dockers' Union, charged with wounding a strikebreaker during the recent strike at Belfast, the jury disagreed.

At a meeting of the London Pageant Committee this week the chief proceeding concerned a proposition that each borough should have a scene to itself, representing an episode in its history.

The Kaiser has conferred upon the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Argyll the Royal Louise Order, founded in 1811 by King Frederick William III. in memory of his consort Queen Louise.

OCTOGENARIAN PARSON.
The Rev. the Hon. Jno. Horatio Nelson, brother of Earl Nelson, has just entered upon his 81st year. Both are great nephews of the great naval commander. The octogenarian clergyman was ordained in 1817, and has held the living of Shaw-sun-Dunington, Newbury, since 1852.

GARRICK VILLA.
A letter has been received by Hampton-on-Thames District Council stating that the freehold of Garrick Villa was being offered for sale. The council decided to obtain further particulars of sale, the desirability of pressing in this district that this historic building should not become a prey to the builder.

JUDGE'S MOTOR RIDES.
Solicitor (at Southwark County Court): "I don't know whether your Honour indulges in the sport of motoring?" Judge Willis: Sport, do you call it? I was never in a motor carriage but twice, and then I kept it at a proper speed. 12 miles an hour—and enjoyed it. The second time I was glad to get out. (Laughter.)

The death has taken place of the Hon. Wilfrid James, fourth son of Lord Northbourne, at the age of 31.

A letter addressed to an Islington resident, and posted at Crouch Hill on Dec. 5, has just been delivered after a journey to India.

The annual dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution will be held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on Feb. 26.

At a meeting of the Strand Guardians it was stated that not one woman in the whole of the City of Westminster had applied for work.

"A woman is the most anguished thing in the world," said Judge Bacon at Ilchester. "A woman will tell you all sorts of things, and believe most of them herself."

Two policemen and two villagers have beaten to death a peasant named Dobosch at Ilsech, Austria, the crime being attributed to political motives.

Sir Henry Selous-Kerr, who was 20 years member for St. Helens and was defeated at the last General Election, has decided to sever his political connection with the town.

Prizes were distributed by Gen. French at Westminster to the boys of the Newport Market Army Training School. Among those associated with the school have been Mr. W. E. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury.

At a conference in Glasgow of grocers, representing all Scotland it was unanimously agreed to form a Scotch federation to attack the grocery and provision trade to combat the threatened trust of leading wholesale provision houses.

For the special use of football enthusiasts, the G.W.R. has arranged to run an express excursion to Birmingham (and West Bromwich) on Saturday, Jan. 25, in connection with the matches at Birmingham and West Bromwich, where these two teams meet Liverpool and Leeds City respectively.

OUR "PROSPEROUS" COUNTRY.
There are at present nearly 230 inmates above the certified number in the Gordon-rd. Workhouse, Camberwell, and members of the board describe the crowding together of paupers on the landings and in the wards as disgraceful and dangerous.

SWAN'S STRANGE DEATH.
Disturbed by the noise of the skaters on the Buxton Waters, Leytonstone, a swan attempted to fly over the lake at Forest House. Its neck came in contact with the overhead tram wires in the Whipp's Cross-rd., and the unfortunate bird fell to the ground dead.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN COOK.
Mr. Eustace Miles, lecturing at Hammer-smith, declared every man in England ought to be taught to cook among his first lessons. "If I could find one that would suit every man," Mr. Miles continued, "I should earn £20,000 a year." But he confessed he could not.

NEXT WEEK, "Mingle Your Eyebrows With Mine, Love."

Sung by Harry Dent & Sarah Vrubell, in Aladdin, at the Adelphi Theatre.

"DIABOLO."

Sung with Enormous Success by MISS MILLIE LEGARDE in the Adelphi Pantomime.

This Song may be sung in public without Fee or Licence, except at Theatres or Music Halls. (Copyright.)

Written by CHARLES WILMOTT.

Composed by HERMANN E. DAREWSKI, Junr.

Key C.

1. You've heard a-bout the
2. Your meals all come up
3. The game has come to

ad lib.

game. From gay Pa-ree that came And all the fun is on the go.
lady. The up-to-date, And egg-cops round the kitchen she will whirl,
sly. You'll get it ev'ry day. Sayd up for din-ner, break-fast, lunch and tea.

G.T.

That all that you can hear To-day, both far and near Is "What the dick-ens
Young John-nou has to face A breach of pro-mise case. For months he quito-
And tes-ti-mon-ials pure Of all-men's it will cure. In all the pa-pers

PA-RI-EZ.

is Di-a-bo-ly. It looks the sin-plest thing. To jerk a piece of
dal-ly you will meet And Mis-se Brown last night. Ex-ec-uted
The last e-lec-tion fought. No sin-gle vo-

G.T.M.R.

string. And send the bob-bin whirl-ing out of view. And so a set you
fright. On go-ing home, and shield the game, you know. And in our church last
caught. They'd all gone off to learn the game, you know. And in our church last

f.C.

buy. In so ere cy to try. But in an hour it's all "U-I" with you
work. The clothes line for a string. The ba-by gal-ly whirl-ing up and down.
week. The car-rail, mild and meek. Said, "Friends, my text to-night is Di-a-bo-ly."

CHORUS. 2nd time f.

Oh! Di-a-bo-ly, Di-a-bo-ly. Why did you cross the sea, Why

did-n't you stay in gay Pa-ree? We led sim-ple lives, But now where-er we

1st time. 2nd time. D.C. 8

go. Its oh! oh! oh! Di-a-bo-ly. Di-a-bo-ly. Di-a-bo-ly.

fs. FINE.

YORK SENSATION.

EQUEL TO CRUELTY CASE.

RUSHWORTH TO APPEAL.

PROMPT ACTION BY EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

has not yet been heard of. Mr. Rushworth, who was charged with cruelty to children, had appealed to the court in his case. He said that he did not know the children were being ill-treated, except in



MRS. RUSHWORTH.

and to very slight incidents, and as entirely ignorant of the more serious ones until they were described to the witnesses in court. No one, says, drew his attention to their condition. At a meeting of the York Education Committee the chairman, Ald. McKay, referred to the committee's secretary, Mr. C. G. G. Rushworth, and the committee resolved to send him and his wife that matter, said the alderman, had been the subject of consideration by the committee in private, and after fully going into every aspect of the case, they had come to the conclusion that Mr. Rushworth must be dismissed from his office as secretary to the committee. Ald. Pearson said: "When I moved this resolution in committee an hour ago I was charged with imparting considerable heat to my remarks. Another member characterized it as a righteous indignation. I am prepared to leave it at that. There is only one fact to which I need allude, and that is a fact altogether apart from any of the charges which have been investigated by a court of law, but which deeply concerns me as an education authority. That is the fact that the secretary dealt with York citizens for failing to send their children to school while he himself had in his house two children of school age whom he used as household drudges without payment and without sending them to school. I think that fact alone is sufficient to justify the resolution to dismiss him." The resolution was carried.

THE MANIA OF CRUELTY.

N.S.P.C.C. SECRETARY'S AMAZING STATEMENTS.

Many more men and women of wealth and education would be charged with cruelty to children if evidence could be obtained against them, but this is usually impossible. "Few people realize," Mr. Rht. J. Barr, a director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, told a "People" representative, "how many cases of cruelty to children occur among the ranks of the well-to-do. As a rule, those in their employ and neighbours do not give information, and things go from bad to worse. As a matter of fact many among the poorer classes do not yet know that there is a society in existence which will take up cases of cruelty without disclosing names of informants, and they do not seem to be aware of the fact that it is their absolute duty and

A Matter of Humanity to give such information. In the course of delivering judgment on Mrs. Rushworth at York Castle the chairman of the Bench said: "If you had been a poor, ignorant woman, driven perhaps to harshness and calumny by the rough surroundings in which you lived, then there might have been something to say for you. But we consider that your superior position and education is an aggravation rather than a mitigation of your offence." But the words of the chairman must not be understood to mean that there are more cases of cruelty to children among members of the poorer class than amongst the middle and upper classes," said Mr. Barr. "Of course, there are so many more poor people than there are rich, that the total number of cases must be many more, although the proportion may not be higher. We have heard of many cases of employers who behave cruelly to young servants in their employ, but these cases have seldom been brought into court.

A warning either by letter or during an interview with one of our inspectors is usually sufficient. We also ask the parents to take the young servant away from a place where she is being cruelly treated. The psychology of apparently undeserved cruelty is hard to determine. When it occurs in a very aggravated form, such as a mistress submitting a young servant to all kinds of torture, it must mean that the mistress regards her employee in much the same way as the old French nobility regarded the lower orders. The mistress must consider the servant as so much lower in expectation than animals that she needs branding and kicking. It will be noticed in nearly every case that the cruelty grows worse as time goes on. This arises from the fact that when one person knows he or she has wronged another hatred springs up and becomes more and more intensified. I am pleased to be able to say, however, that cruelty to children is distinctly on the decrease.

SUFFRAGETTE RAID.

WOMEN CHAINED TO THE RAILINGS.

MORE DISORDER AND ARRESTS.

The Cabinet Meeting.

The militant section of the Women's Social and Political Union, which has been quiet for some time, broke out again on Friday, and in addition to a violent attack on the House of Commons their plan of campaign, succeeded in raiding the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, No. 10, Downing Street, and in getting five of their number arrested, the defendants, who, being subsequently brought before Mr. Alfred de Rutzen, chief Metropolitan Magistrate, at Bow-st. Police Court, elected to go to prison for three weeks, the alternative to their entering into recognisances to be good behaviour for six months.

The Cabinet Meeting.

The course of which opportunity was taken was the meeting of the Cabinet Council, which had been called for 11.30 a.m. to consider the business of the forthcoming session. Not the slightest inkling of any disturbance had been allowed to leak out. From 11 o'clock onwards to shortly before half-past the hour, Ministers arrived singly and in groups, and at once proceeded to the room in which the Cabinet holds its deliberations. Mr. H. H. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was the last arrival, and a few minutes before his appearance a taximeter cab drove up to the front of the house, a couple of ladies alighting from it. This vehicle was followed almost immediately by two other motor conveyances from which a number of other ladies alighted, whilst at the same moment three or four more women were seen walking

The Cabinet Meeting.

who are charged, on their own confession, with murder on the railway, at a village near Samara. Early in

Albert De Rutzen was sitting. Their cases were taken before the court adjourned for the luncheon interval. After hearing the evidence the magistrates called the defendants, who had been brought in separately, to be bound over to come in again with two sureties of £5 each and the others in £5 and two sureties of £5 each to keep the peace for six months. A Press representative was subsequently informed that the whole lot had declined to accept the alternative.

FIENDISH VENCEANCE.

SHOCKING STORY FROM A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

A terrible story of cold-blooded vengeance is told by three brothers



OLGA SIMBIRSKI.

who are charged, on their own confession, with murder on the railway, at a village near Samara. Early in

"I AM WANTED." A HYDRO'S DRAINS.

SENSATIONAL CASE MALVERN COUNCIL AT BRISTOL.

CHARGE AGAINST A DENTIST. WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE?

What promises to be a sensational case was commenced at Bristol, when Arthur Hyne, a German-born dentist, who has gained notoriety as the head of the "Hydro" system, was charged with draining Kate Matthews of £25. Prisoner was arrested in November and remanded on bail until Dec. 12, but absconded, and was arrested this week at Aberdeen. Hyne is alleged to have gone through the ceremony of marriage with a large number of women, and he is wanted on several charges of bigamy.

A Callous Answer.

As Hyne was entering the train at Aberdeen in charge of the police, the woman with whom he had been living in Aberdeen asked him patently, "When shall I see you again?" "Don't worry me," he replied, sharply. "I am likely to get five years at Bristol. I am wanted elsewhere and in America, and you can figure it out for yourself." The poor woman turned away trembling and in a state of collapse. Hyne, who denies that he is a "Hydro" man, and whose matrimonial adventures caused a sensation a year ago—originally followed the calling of a chemist. It is alleged that in the course of his career he has visited many countries, and having a good presence and being well dressed and neatly groomed, he has always been a "Ladies' Man."

He wooed and won many of them, giving them up one after the other.

Remarkable statements about the drainage system of a well-known "hydro" and the responsibility for its very serious debauches, were made in an action brought before Judge Lawrence and a special jury by Dr. Jno. Campbell Ferguson, owner of the Hydrophatic Establishment, Malvern, against the Malvern District Council. He alleges that the district council allowed sewage matter to percolate into his drinking water supply, by which some of his guests lost their lives. Altogether Dr.



DR. CAMPBELL FERGUSON.

Ferguson has spent over £7,000 in tests and compensation to guests who have sued him. The district council plead culpable negligence on the part of Dr. Ferguson, by allowing his drains to get in an unsanitary condition. Mr. McCall, K.C., Mr. Macmurray, K.C., and Mr. Southell are for plaintiff, and Mr. M. Lush, K.C., Mr. Sharrman, K.C., and Mr. Macardie are for defendants. Dr. Ferguson told Mr. Lush, K.C., in a cross-examination, that he did not know the inspection chamber in his drainage was rotten in construction. The sanitary inspector of the council did give him notice of the nuisance, and advised him to remove his visitors, but it was impossible to take this advice, as his hydro was too full.

£1,600 Compensation.

On May 14 did the sister of a gentleman named Oppenshaw in your hydro tell you her brother was dying? No—Did you tell her the man had a chill? I did not think there was anything serious the matter. How many people were suffering from internal complaints at that time? About six or seven. In further cross-examination, Dr. Ferguson admitted that a servant named Lillian Davies died of enteric fever in Birmingham on May 7. She left him on May 1. How many servants had typhoid fever, Lillian, Plumbridge Olive Nash—Did not a Mrs. Merton, her two sons from London, and her maid all get typhoid in your hydro? Yes, and I paid her £1,600 compensation. Mr. Lush suggested that it was outrageous that at this time he should write to a lady who proposed to bring her delicate children that the sanitary arrangements were all right. Witness: I don't agree. Did you wish to tell her the whole truth? I wished to tell her all that was necessary. After the third day's hearing the case was again adjourned.

AN ALLEGED LIBEL.

ACTION FOR DAMAGES AGAINST "THE LANCET."

In the King's Bench Division, before Justice Rugeley and a special jury, Mr. Augustus Tucker, of Herts-hill, brought an action for libel against Mr. Wakley, the proprietor and editor of "The Lancet," damages being claimed in consequence of a statement in that journal to the effect that plaintiff had been selling a quack remedy. It was pleaded for the defence that the words complained of were of fair comment. Extracts from an article in "The Lancet"



MR. AUGUSTUS TUCKER.

for March 9 last, headed "Quack Advertisements," were then read by counsel. "In the course of an inquiry it was stated that a labourer had been using Dr. Tucker's asthma specific inhaler, for which he had given, according to the newspaper report which has reached us, three guineas, while the material with which he had sprayed himself cost him 8d. an ounce. Dr. F. J. Wakley, the coroner, rightly stigmatised this kind of dealing as a fraud, and it is a humiliating thing for journalists to remember that such frauds could not be committed with any profit to the quack save with the co-operation of the Press. Our opinion is that the misery caused by quacks must be unknown to a good many proprietors, or they would hardly share with the quacks the plunder extracted from the public. Namely, from the sick poor. After evidence had been given, the hearing was adjourned.

ROMANCE OF A CHAUFFEUR.

Jno. Hy. Parrott, or Patterson, was at Marlborough-st. committed to trial on a charge of fraudulently converting a motor-car to his own use. Prisoner obtained some little notoriety a few weeks ago, owing to his having eloped to America from England with a young lady named Miss Grace Lawrence, who lived with her parents at Brompton-rd., S.W. On the arrival of the couple at New York, the girl was detained at the insistence of the English authorities.



SUFFRAGETTE, WITH CHAINS, BEING ESCORTED TO THE POLICE STATION. (Photo Hulton.)

smartly up towards the Prime Minister's house from the direction of Whitehall. The occupants of the first cab at once mounted the steps leading to the front door, and pulled what they thought to be the bell for the purpose of seeking admission. Instead of pulling a bell, however, they pulled the outer knob which releases a bolt inside by which the door is held closed, and finding to their astonishment that they had gained an entry in a much more simple way than they anticipated, they at once

A Rush into the Lobby.

So soon as the two suffragettes already mentioned had gained admission to the house two others—Miss Edith New, of Royal Hill, Greenwich, and Miss Olive Smith, of Clement's Inn, walked up to Downing-st., Whitehall side of 10, Downing-st., and fastening, each of them, a heavy seal-chain around their waists, passed the other end around the railings and locked it by means of padlocks. Their colleagues surrounded them and there was some attempt at speech-making. For the moment the police, who had drawn in on them, had not noticed the chains, and endeavoured by gentle persuasion to induce the ladies to go away. Noticing that the two Suffragettes were chained to the railings, three of the officers succeeded, after a moment or so, in snapping the padlocks and in rushing the two ladies down the street into Whitehall. The two ladies who had been ejected from 10, Downing-st., were also rushed down into Whitehall, the four of them being immediately followed by the remainder, who had been surrounded by other officers and forced back. They were then placed in cabs and hurried off to Cannon-row Police Station where they were charged with committing a breach of the peace.

In the Police Court.

The ladies arrested were—Miss Edith New, a teacher, of Royal Hill, Greenwich. Mrs. Flora Drummond, of Clement's Inn. Miss Elizabeth McArthur, of Loughborough-rd., Brixton. Mrs. Frances Thompson, of Clement's Inn. Miss Olive Smith, a nurse, of Clement's Inn.

After being charged at Cannon-row Police Station, the five arrested suffragettes were conveyed in cabs to Bow-st. Police Court, where Sir



MIKHALOFF.

before unsuccessfully wooed Olga's mother. Quickly the girl's three brothers planned and carried out a fiendish revenge. Waiting until midnight, they made their way to the village smithy, and, breaking into Mikhaloff's room, gagged the old man as he lay in bed. Then, throwing a sack over their victim, they dragged him to a bridge over the railway. "The old man struggled like a demon," confessed one of the Simbirski's, "as I and my two brothers bound him and knotted ropes round his legs and chest and under his arms. We slung him slowly over the bridge. We heard the train whistle two miles down the line. Old Mikhaloff swung round and round like a hanging cat, but slowly we lowered him on to the rails. When the train was half a mile away the girl fell out of his mouth, and Mikhaloff yelled, like a soul in torment, 'Save me and I'll give Olga all I've got! By God, I'll marry her to-day!' At that we began to haul him up. He was within arms' length of us, when the cord frayed through, and he fell in a heap before the engine. Next second Mikhaloff was cut to bits, and the train vanished down the line. In the early morning we gathered what remained of him into a sack, and buried it beside the village pump."

FILED UNDER IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PARROTTER is estimated to cost one of the best, binding of "The People" in 6 to 14 days or more to mark. 2s 5d (4d net).

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Ju-Vis is an inestimable boon to house-keepers for making and improving Gravies for Joints, Stews, Hashes, Meat Pies, Meat Puddings, &c. A 1d. packet added to your gravy will improve it wonderfully. Ju-Vis is guaranteed absolutely pure and wholesome, made from Extract of Meat, with valuable vegetable properties added.

Ju-Vis Tablets, 1d., 3d., and 10d. size. Ju-Vis Fluid, 2oz. 6d., 4oz. 11d., 8oz. 1/9.

FOR GRAVIES.

Pure Soap to the Front.

CROSFIELDS', WARRINGTON.

By Appointment To H.M. the King.

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THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD SOAP.

Guaranteed pure and well made. A reliable and fast all-round washer. Best value, compare weight and price.

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Every Tablet manufactured full pound weight and hard finished by new improved process.

IDEAS.

(The Popular Penny Illustrated Weekly.)

NEW LIMERICK COMPETITION

FIRST £300 PRIZE

SECOND PRIZE £100.

TWO PRIZES OF £50.

£100 in Consolation Prizes

Entries (accompanied by a sixpenny postal order for each "last line"—one coupon only necessary, but by writing the other entries on note-paper and sending a postal order for sixpence for each additional effort, competitors are allowed to submit as many as they choose) must reach the IDEAS' Offices, 118, Fleet Street, London, E.C., not later than the morning of WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22nd. Address: "Limericks," "IDEAS," 118, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

For conditions see IDEAS. Awards will be made known in the issue of IDEAS on sale Friday, January 31st, of all newsagents and bookstalls.

"PEOPLE" READERS MAY USE THIS COUPON. EVERY COUPON IS CAREFULLY EXAMINED.

A pretty young typist, named Kate
Went out with her best boy to skate.
But the ice being thin,
The two lovers fell in.

I enter this competition on the understanding that the Editor's decision is final.

NAME

ADDRESS

"The People."

SECURE THE BARGAINS WHILE YOU MAY!

RED LETTER WEEK

AT
SYDNEY GEORGE'S
MAIL ORDER WAREHOUSE,
BIRMINGHAM.

Red Letter Week at the Mail Order Warehouse is eagerly looked forward to by thousands of customers as the most important and profitable bargain event of the year.

Delays are dangerous. Send your order at once. All parcels carriage paid.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 1.
Imitation Down Bed Quilt, 2/6. 100% pure, white, filled, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 2/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 2.
White Shetland Blankets, 2/10. 100% pure, white, Shetland Blankets, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 2/10. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 3.
White Shetland Blankets, 2/10. 100% pure, white, Shetland Blankets, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 2/10. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 4.
Brown Wool Blankets, 4/3. Good heavy Brown Wool Blankets, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 4/3. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 5.
Ladies' White Fur Stoles, 3s. 6d. long, the fashionable shape, in white and black fur. For Red Letter Week only, 3s. 6d. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 6.
12 yards of Flannel, 3/3. 12 yards of most popular Flannel, in all colors, 30 in. wide, good reliable make. For Red Letter Week only, 3/3. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 7.
Gentlemen's Fancy Waistcoats, 2/10. In black, green, white, and all colors, 30 in. wide, good reliable make. For Red Letter Week only, 2/10. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 8.
Ladies' Ribbed Black Stockings, 3/6. 3 pairs of good Black Cashmere Ribbed Stockings, 30 in. long, 1 1/2 inch wide. For Red Letter Week only, 3/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 9.
The Great Bedding Sale, 16/6. 100% pure, white, Shetland Blankets, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 16/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 10.
The Great Bedding Sale, 16/6. 100% pure, white, Shetland Blankets, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 16/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 11.
Lace Curtains, 2/6. Very pretty, 100% pure, white, lace curtains, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 2/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 12.
Lace Curtains, 2/6. Very pretty, 100% pure, white, lace curtains, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 2/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 13.
Ladies' Tweed Jackets, 6/6. In light grey wool tweed, this season's make, full of pockets, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 6/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 14.
White Mincecomb Bed Quilt, 4/6. Good heavy white Mincecomb Bed Quilt, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 4/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 15.
The Handkerchief Parcel, 1/5. 100% pure, white, handkerchiefs, 10 in. by 10 in. For Red Letter Week only, 1/5. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 16.
Ladies' White Fur Stoles, 3s. 6d. long, the fashionable shape, in white and black fur. For Red Letter Week only, 3s. 6d. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 17.
Tapestry Table Cover, 4/3. A good heavy tapestry table cover, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 4/3. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 18.
The Ladies' Parcel, 1/3. 100% pure, white, handkerchiefs, 10 in. by 10 in. For Red Letter Week only, 1/3. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 19.
White Mincecomb Bed Quilt, 4/6. Good heavy white Mincecomb Bed Quilt, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 4/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 20.
The Table Parcel, 1/6. A first-class table cloth, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 1/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 21.
9 1/2 Twined Dress for 5/10. 6 yards of 9 1/2 twined dress, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 5/10. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 22.
5/6 Wool Cloth for 4/6. 5 yards of 5/6 wool cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 4/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 23.
5/6 Wool Cloth for 4/6. 5 yards of 5/6 wool cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 4/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 24.
5/6 Wool Cloth for 4/6. 5 yards of 5/6 wool cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 4/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RED LETTER BARGAIN No. 25.
5/6 Wool Cloth for 4/6. 5 yards of 5/6 wool cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 4/6. Carriage paid. One only.

BAZAAR GOODS (SPECIAL) 6d & 1d

BEAUTIFUL NOTTINGHAM LACE.
MONSTER Parcel, 100% pure, white, Nottingham lace, 40 in. by 54 in. For Red Letter Week only, 10/6. Carriage paid. One only.

RAILWAY LOST PROPERTY.

BEAUTIFUL SILK CLOTHES, 2/4. 2 yards of 2/4 silk cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 2/4. Carriage paid. One only.

WATERPROOF COVERS.

BEAUTIFUL SILK CLOTHES, 2/4. 2 yards of 2/4 silk cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 2/4. Carriage paid. One only.

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BEAUTIFUL SILK CLOTHES, 2/4. 2 yards of 2/4 silk cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 2/4. Carriage paid. One only.

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BEAUTIFUL SILK CLOTHES, 2/4. 2 yards of 2/4 silk cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 2/4. Carriage paid. One only.

5,000 ARMY GREATCOATS.

BEAUTIFUL SILK CLOTHES, 2/4. 2 yards of 2/4 silk cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 2/4. Carriage paid. One only.

FREE TO ALL.

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10/6 FREE GIFT.

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LADIES, DO NOT FAIL.

BEAUTIFUL SILK CLOTHES, 2/4. 2 yards of 2/4 silk cloth, 30 in. wide, 40 in. long. For Red Letter Week only, 2/4. Carriage paid. One only.

UNRIVALLED "DEFIANCE" LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.

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